

Ultimatum- Part 8

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Summary: This is what happens when the Spartans we ended with in Ghosts of Onyx find themselves in separate worlds where magic is real, technology is slow, heroes exist, and the missing could be closer than you think. Based off the characters from the books, games, cartoons, comics, tv series and movies that make up this web of worlds.

Ultimatum- Part 8

8; Part 1 Ch.1 "Comatose Soldier"

P.O.V. Dr. Allison Cameron,

Princeton-Plainsboro Teaching Hospital.

November 27, 2004 0245 hrs.

Allison had been working through the night again, she was tired but she was a member of House's team after all. She flipped through the files on her clipboard as she walked through the fluorescent lit halls. As she passed a window something caught her eye. There was something bright streaking through the air. She watched the object for a moment, believing it was a shooting star. Then the unthinkable happened, it crashed to the ground, sending up a plume of black smoke. A brilliant explosion followed. Flames lit the early a.m. sky.

She stood there, shocked at having witnessed this occurrence. Down the hall she heard phones ring and ambulances pulling away, sirens wailing. She dashed to the ER to prep for whatever came their way.

Teams of ER attendants swarmed in every direction. Yells of pain echoing. Allison went from one patient to the next, helping where she could. There was no time to be tired now. This was complete

chaos.

****P.O.V. PFC Walter Reed****

He was coming back to the conscious world. He had a huge headache. His insides stung and radiated pain. /Ouch/ he thought groggily. He tasted blood in his mouth and he had a ringing in his ears. He felt very warm. He tried to open his eyes and was nearly blinded by a bright orange light; he quickly shut them again to shield his retinas. His headache increased staggeringly. /That was stupid/ he told himself. He made another attempt to visualize his surroundings. The light made it difficult but he managed to see shadows surrounding his front and that he was behind some sort of plexi-glass window. He could see blood speckled across it. He heard muffled voices, very indistinct.

He tried to speak but instead coughed and more blood sprayed the window. He moved his hand up to the blood speckled window-like thing... at least he'd thought he had. He tried to look down at his hands but he couldn't move at all. He looked through the blood stained window again and saw a bigger shape move into view; it had flashing red blurs, which he assumed were lights, on it. /Rescue? Orange lightâ€¦ FIRE! / He thought. He tried to move again but still nothing happened. /Come on, MOVE/ he told himself aggressively. He urged every fiber in his body to move.

Something vibrated whatever he was inside of. Two of the dark figures moved something and the heat intensified. /Paramedics, I was right/ he thought as he felt himself being lifted and set on a gurney. It was dark outside. /How long was I out?/ he wondered. More voices echoed and became louder, the ringing in his ears ceased and he could hear everything clearly, although he wished he didn't.

The wail of the ambulance siren, the raised voices of the surrounding people, the loud crackle of flames, it was too much for him and his headache worsened again. As he was wheeled toward the ambulance he caught a glimpse of the thing he'd fallen out of. /What is that!? / He asked himself. He also saw flaming wreckage scattered about. He was loaded into the ambulance and the darkness quickly shifted into a direct bright light. A man leaned into his field of vision from his left. He shined a light into both his eyes. There were two men, one on each side of him.

He could hear the men speaking but he wasn't paying attention. His mind was racing with questions, /Where am I? What happened? / He asked himself trying to figure things out. His head throbbed and he made a noise and shut his eyes in pain. He felt the ambulance accelerate and then he blacked out.

He awoke once again. He saw one of the men lean over his right side and he felt a tugging on his sleeve then the sharp prick of a needle on his forearm. A sting ran through him as another man cleaned a wound somewhere on him. The pain from his other injuries combined, /Oh God it hurts! / He thought attempting to hold back a yell. It felt like his entire body was full of broken bones. He widened his eyes and tried to cry out but it was a moot effort. The doors flew open and he blacked out again.

He fought to regain consciousness and resurfaced as they wheeled him through the halls. He tried to focus on something but he couldn't. A

woman came into his view. He decided to focus on her. She was quite attractive; she had brown hair and beautiful blue eyes. /Oh they were beautiful/ he told himself.

As he looked at her their eyes met. The vision in his right eye went red and then darkened as a patch of gauze tried to block the blood flow. He still held her gaze with his left eye. She wore an expression of pity and compassion and yet she looked tired. He felt a tingle on his left hand and then a warm gentle squeeze. She flashed him an assuring smile "Stay with us, you're doing great." she said, her voice echoing in his head. /If I am doing so great then why do I hurt so badly? / He thought.

He bobbed in and out of consciousness many times and he caught bits of what was happening although all he could see were lights and ceiling tiles. People swarmed around him and the noise was immense, but then a numbing wave hit him and he went under and stayed there.

End
file.